The COMMONWEAL

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THE WEEK		531
FORUM	*William M. Agar*	532
"HISPANISMO" YESTERDAY AND TODAY	*Edwin Ryan*	534
EDUCATION IN DAKOTA	*T. D. Lyons*	536
WALKOUT	*Tim O'Brien*	539
VIEWS AND REVIEWS	*Michael Williams*	541
COMMUNICATIONS		542
THE STAGE	*Grenville Vernon*	542
THE SCREEN	*Philip T. Hartung*	543
BOOKS OF THE WEEK		544
Pilsudski—Quest—Toward Freedom—Ambassador Dodd's Diary—Briefers		
THE INNER FORUM		550

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All-America Policy

WHEN THE SENATE passed the Lend-Lease Act, the most impressive news photograph showed Senators Barkley, Wheeler and George going through a three-cornered handshake with big smiles. . . .

1. It is unfashionable and shameful for any American to claim publicly the existence in national socialist or fascist organization of any truth, justtice or progress. 2. It is similarly unfashionable for any American to oppose steps taken in this country toward increasingly integrated federal economic and political and social control, lodged authoritatively in the Executive. 3. It is generally the same people who risk both disgraces. . . .

First emphasizing that the most repulsive features of Russian-German-Italian totalitarianism are not the more or less technical methods they have developed in economic and political organization (except, if they are considered techniques, various kinds of terrorism and spiritual bullying), but rather the spirit animating their actions, we may then make this observation: it is probably true that most of the "opposition" in American public life does not consider the new "statist" techniques and the expanded unitary spheres of organization built up by the Axis to be by nature unthinkable and intolerable, at least for nations abroad. The "opposition" tends to view them pragmatically, and because of utilitarian considerations, as not shocking and as not justifying a religious reaction.

The administration and the dominant forces pushing toward intervention in Europe show by their acts that they are not revolted by "authoritarian" methods and growing "politicalization" *per se.* Concentration of sovereignty, elaboration of centralized planning, subordination of free markets and free enterprise, government-established labor relations, and stricter plans covering increased areas of the globe are not the aspects of totalitarianism which upset the government majority and its principal support throughout the nation. . . .

These two wings of American opinion which dominate do not appear fundamentally far apart. We have seen that the logic of their attitudes toward state organization is perhaps quite similar. The principal argument used in advocating aid to England is national self-defense and defense of the hemisphere. The "everywhere" argument has been developed more as a slogan than practical policy—the State Department is not as squeamish as Clarence Streit about the internal affairs of Latin American good neighbors nor about the domestic régimes of actual or potential enemies of Hitler. Lindbergh attacks the concept of working for defense through interference in Europe, but he states flatly, as a premise for himself too, the defense of the whole American hemisphere. In both instances, England proper is an outpost. In both instances the core to be defended is the hemisphere: all of North and all of Central and all of South America. On the basis of agreement such as this, aid to England and aid to other countries outside this geographic unit of the Americas is a question of expediency and practical utility. Likewise is the question of state centralism and executive control. External events, like the strength of friends and force of enemies, will govern finally our aid to oversea countries; within the US a growing positive purpose and program appear to be merging in the two dominant political groups: the solidifying of a continental American system, whatever the competition.

Arsenal of Democracy

THE ADOPTION of the Lend-Lease Bill is widely hailed in this country as the beginning of Hitler's downfall. Possibly, but not inevitably. Although the nazi war plans for spring and summer remain unrevealed, much can be said to support the thesis that this country can supply enough planes and ships, munitions and food to forestall the successful invasion of Britain or prevent British capitulation to counter-blockade. That the United States, without firing a single shot or sending a single sailor, pilot or soldier overseas, can jointly with Britain bring Germany to her knees is less easy to demonstrate. Proponents of this

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theory lay the greatest stress on the German and Italian peoples' recognition of the 1914-18 pattern of early German victories and final defeat. However, only the direction of American sympathies in this war is discernible; the intensity of such feelings is hardly apparent. For the present, business and private cares and petty pleasures proceed as usual, stimulated a bit by increased business activity and depressed somewhat by higher taxes. A few more billions government deficit, more billions added to that intangible, impersonal entity, the public debt. But nazi expansionism is based on revolution, the German belief that they are fighting to the hilt for a new and desirable way of life. Can such dynamism when coupled with the military machine, resources and ingenuity of the Germans, be successfully overcome by war matériel alone? Can the policy of sending munitions by itself have the demoralizing effect that will inevitably produce nazi defeat? Many adherents of this school say now that a march on Berlin will not be necessary. They hold that the British-American blockade, increasing bombardment and general Anglo-American pressure will produce German collapse from within. Overt Anglo-American collaboration, this new factor in the war of nerves, might have this effect if the Germans knew for certain that the people of this country, too, were making great personal sacrifices to provide the sinews for attack; if supplies to Britain were being paid for now, for instance, instead of being put off with the other mountains of indebtedness upon future generations. If it became known to the world that serious steps were being taken to remove the principal obstacles to the working of a genuine democracy over here, if we manifested such love of democracy as to open our doors to the victims of totalitarianism in other parts of the world and, as far as we are able, to supply other needy victims with food and medicines and hope in their own or adopted lands, then the people in the Axis might indeed fear that their hour had struck. The mere size of the arsenal will not decide.

War, Strikes and Riots

SPECIFIC MORAL LAW aside, the doctrine of violence as an instrument of social justice should still be opposed. It does personal and general mischief of a kind too serious to be countenanced. The obvious example, of course, is the progressive retaliation which it sets up in society: the minds that respond to excess by closing to plain justice, the intimidation that answers intimidation, the hatred that reacts to hatred, in an ever-widening spiral. But beneath this familiar external pattern of destructiveness is the inner truth that men cannot use violence wantonly without mortal danger to their own natures. There is that within each of us to which it is a baleful enfranchisement; which grows by every successive gratification and in that growth disrupts or corrupts the rest of the character. It is this cruel and wolf-like aspect of ourselves against which all the serious codes and conventions governing human conduct are directed; it is against it that Christianity has done its more triumphant, more intrinsic work of partial organic transformation. Any release of this old evil is perilous; even a just war, fought within the limitations laid down by the full moral law. More than perilous is release without the stark authority that can make war just; release, the assumption of the right to use violence, as a matter of policy. It is not possible to do this without disintegrating the human personality and forfeiting, wholly or in part, the patient gains of discipline and of grace. This truth should be kept by just men before their minds in this present of ours, when the world is suffering shocks of change such as history has never yet seen. It is apparent that a basic economic readjustment is inevitable; what its nature will be, and what moral types will inherit it, are being determined now.

Propaganda and Originality

AN IMMENSE amount of research and denunciation for years has centered round the question of what happens to our minds, self-control and intelligence when daily influenced by the newspaper, the radio, the book of the day—constantly subject to the pressure of the accidental and the immediate. Since no one seriously expects to suppress any of these instruments for propaganda which we ourselves have set in motion, the treatment of the problem remains descriptive and exhortatory. A world where things might be different could only be imaginary.

A young French scientist just arrived in New York tells us that in Paris such a world exists. The German inspired and controlled press is read only for the information it gives as to German-imposed regulations. The propaganda effect of newspaper and radio news is weakened by the fact that if the French mistrusted their own censorship, they mistrust even more that of the Germans. Because of the obvious inspiration behind all the customary machinery of mass persuasion, that machinery no longer is effective. Fearing denunciation, people speak only to friends; lacking transportation, they stay in their districts; refusing persuasion into uniform belief, they are left to think for themselves.

Forum

THE STRANGE defeatism which characterizes the thinking of many well meaning Christians in America becomes increasingly appalling. The fact that a great many Catholics

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are among that group is even more so. Is it true that there is nothing we should do to help suffering Europe extricate itself from the clutches of godless nazism? Have we the moral right to say that we will do nothing to help the rest of Christendom in its fight against the powers of evil until we have made ourselves perfect? Is that not cowardice tinged with pride? And what right have we to think that we can live the good life isolated from a barbaric world as though we were God's chosen people forbidden to share our greatness with the common run of humanity?

Those are the thoughts which activate the defeatism of which I speak. But we are a part of the Western World and it is not too far gone to save unless we choose to desert our post in this hard time of trial. We have a responsibility which arises from the things God has given us and we will not perfect ourselves by denying it.

For this reason I would like to call attention to the remarks of two eminent Christian leaders, namely Father Maurice S. Sheehy of the Catholic University and Dr. Reinhold Niebuhr of the Union Theological Seminary. Father Sheehy, speaking over the radio, said in part:

> Today I am convinced, as a matter of calm reason, with all my inborn prejudices pulling to an opposite conclusion, that England's cause is the cause of freedom, of the United States of America and of Christianity.
>
> A document too little known, even among Catholics of Germany, is the encyclical letter of Pope Pius XI on the Condition of the Church in Germany. In it, that noble man of God recalls the misgivings with which he signed the Concordat. He reminds the chief of the German government of its broken promises in these words: "The lessons of the past years make it clear where responsibility lies. They disclose machinations which have no other aim than a war of extermination. In the furrows where we labored to plant the seeds of peace, others were sowing the tares of discord, of hatred, of calumny, of secret and open enmity against Christ and His Church, *an enmity in principle,* fed from a thousand springs and working with every means at its disposal."
>
> Are those words of a British propagandist? No, they are the words of Pope Pius XI. And his spirit, thank God, lives on in another great Pope, Pius XII. . . .
>
> The real test of what is at stake for Christianity in this conflict is not activity at the battlefront but what is occurring in those countries seized by the dictators.
>
> So expert is Russian ruthlessness that we have only a faint idea of what horrors have been visited upon the portion of Poland Hitler magnanimously gave his ally, Stalin.
>
> In the German-occupied part of Poland, churches have been razed, priests shot or imprisoned, *three millions* slaughtered, and other millions have been reduced to virtual slavery in German work camps. . . .
>
> Is it any wonder that Pope Pius XII wept as he received a Polish delegation with these words: "May Christ, Who wept at the grave of Lazarus and over the ruins of His fatherland, gather and some day compensate you for the tears you spill over Poland, which will not die."
>
> Just two other instances of the peril to Christianity in a Hitler-dominated world. On February 2, 1941, a message was received from the seven Lutheran bishops in Norway condemning in fierce terms, "the systematic violence of Quisling Storm Troopers and interference with the preachers' secrecy of oath."
>
> A few days earlier the Catholic bishops of the Netherlands issued a defiance of nazism, even refusing the sacraments and Christian burial to members of the nazi party in Holland. Here is their version of the peril of Hitlerism: "The nazi movement not only threatens to hamper the Church in the execution of its tasks, but it endangers the Christian conception of life to those who participate in it."
>
> And still there are some Americans who maintain that we should be fence-sitters, indifferent to the issue of war. Is it any wonder that Dante described the fate of the angelic fence-sitters in these words: "stung by wasps and hornets, their cheeks were bedewed with blood, which, mixed with tears, dropped to their feet and was consumed by loathsome worms."

Dr. Niebuhr, in the first issue of *Christianity and Crisis,* writes:

> Every Christian must feel a sense of unworthiness when he is compelled by historic destiny to act as an instrument of God's justice. Recognition of the common guilt which makes him and his enemy kin must persuade him to imitate the mercy of God, even while he seeks to fulfill the demands of justice. But he will seek to elude such responsibilities only if he believes, as many modern Christians do, that he might, if he tried a little harder, achieve an individual or collective vantage point of guiltlessness from which to proceed against evil doers. There is no such vantage point. . . .
>
> Looking at the tragic contemporary scene within this frame of reference, we feel that American Christianity is all too prone to disavow its responsibilities for the preservation of our civilization against the perils of totalitarian aggression. We are well aware of the sins of all the nations, including our own, which have contributed to the chaos of our era. We know to what degree totalitarianism represents false answers to our own unsolved problems, political, economic and spiritual.
>
> Yet we believe the task of defending the rich inheritance of our civilization to be an imperative one, however much we might desire that our social system were more worthy of defense. We believe that the possibility of correcting its faults and extending its gains may be annulled for centuries if this external peril is not resolutely faced. We do not find it particularly impressive to celebrate one's sensitive conscience by enlarging upon all the well-known evils of our Western World and equating them with the evils of the totalitarian systems. It is just as important for Christians to be discriminating in their judgments, as for them to recognize the element of sin in all human endeavors. We think it dangerous to allow religious sensitivity to obscure the fact that nazi tyranny intends to annihilate the Jewish race, to subject the nations of Europe to the dominion of a "master" race, to extirpate the Christian religion, to annul the liberties and legal standards which are the priceless heritage of ages of Christian and humanistic culture, to make truth the prostitute of political power, to seek world dominion through its satraps and allies, and generally to destroy the very fabric of our Western civilization. . . .
>
> Yet there are times when hopes for the future, as well as contrition over past misdeeds, must be subordinated to the urgent, immediate task. In this instance, the immediate task is the defeat of nazi tyranny. If this task does not engage us, both our repentance and our hope become luxuries in which we indulge while other men save us from an intolerable fate, or while our inaction betrays into disaster a cause to which we owe allegiance.

WILLIAM M. AGAR.

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"Hispanismo" Yesterday and Today

Latin America and its mother country.

By **Edwin Ryan**

IN HIS "fireside chat" of December 29 last, President Roosevelt asserted that since our second war against England the only attempt of a European government to establish its rule in the western hemisphere was the Maximilian episode in Mexico. That assertion recalls a reply made in 1919 by President Wilson to a senator who asked what the United States would do if a European power should re-assert its rule over one of its former possessions in this hemisphere. President Wilson answered: "That is unthinkable." Both presidents seemed to forget an interesting and instructive page of American history, and if they did, possibly others also have forgotten, and so recalling it now may not be unnecessary.

When Santo Domingo won a precarious independence from Haiti in 1844 she was so weak that some of her people, including Santana, who was in control of the government, thought to ward off the threatened reconquest by Haiti by making their country a protectorate of France. The plan failed because Louis Philippe refused to have anything to do with it and also because the United States and Great Britain both served notice that they would not countenance a French protectorate. Then Santana tried to secure annexation to the United States (a project revived some decades later but defeated by our Senate). The United States declined the protectorate but joined with Great Britain and France in preventing the Haitians from attacking Santo Domingo. Then the Crimean War and the first rumblings of our own War between the States came on and provided the three protecting powers with quite enough to attend to without troubling about the Dominicans. The latter found themselves again confronted by the danger of a return of the dreaded tyranny of Haiti under which they had groaned for more than twenty years. Thereupon Santana tried a new scheme, which was nothing less than a restoration of the rule of Spain. It must be recalled that Spain had been slow in recognizing the independence of her American possessions (in 1860 there were still eight which she ignored) and never altogether relinquished the hope of getting at least some of them back, so when one of them actually *requested* to be restored to the fold there was little if any difficulty in having the request granted, and on March 18, 1861, Queen Isabella II was proclaimed in Santo Domingo and the Spanish flag was raised over that country once more.

A detailed account of what occurred during the four years of Spain's revived hegemony is not required here; it will suffice to point out that it coincided almost exactly with the era of our own civil strife, beginning just before the attack on Fort Sumter and ending just after the surrender at Appomattox. That accounts for the fact that our government did nothing, because by the time it was free to turn its attention to what had been going on in Santo Domingo and Mexico, the Dominican difficulty had settled itself. For in August, 1863, a revolt against Spanish rule broke out; a rival government was set up in Santiago de los Caballeros, and war was waged. The weak, corrupt Spanish government of that day could not subdue the rebels, so on May 1, 1865, Queen Isabella II signed a decree terminating Spanish rule over Santo Domingo.

The import of this little reminder is not purely academic. The whole affair has a practical bearing on the situation in Latin America today, as will appear from the following: In 1898, after the defeat by the United States which meant the almost total extinction of Spain's empire, the intellectuals of that country undertook to make up for her political decline by reviving her cultural prestige and the movement known as "Hispanidad" (a term later dropped for "Hispanismo") was launched. Efforts to impress foreigners with the beauty and the value of Spanish culture led to attracting students and tourists to Spain, and to despatching abroad representatives of that culture, not only as lecturers, etc., but also as diplomatic representatives. Though the movement was slow in gaining momentum it did achieve some success, to the satisfaction of everyone who appreciated Spain's magnificent contribution to civilization. But like such movements generally, it began to extend beyond the cultural sphere and to enter the sphere of politics, and a considerable impetus in that direction (or corruption, as Newman would probably call it) was felt about a dozen years after Spain had been finally expelled from America, and in that very part of the world from which she had departed.

In 1910 Argentina celebrated (a trifle prema-

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turely) the first centenary of her independence, and the nations of the world joined her in the celebration. We sent her a statue of George Washington, which was hidden away in an obscure corner of Buenos Aires where it can now be discovered by those who will take the trouble necessary for finding it; but the statue sent by Spain, bearing the triple inscription THE SAME RACE, THE SAME LANGUAGE, THE SAME FAITH (LA MISMA RAZA, LA MISMA LENGUA, LA MISMA FE) was erected in a commanding position on the Avenida General Alvear where it remains even unto this day. That was, as far as America is concerned, the real beginning of "Hispanismo," for while Spanish America has always remained linked to Spain by cultural ties, other influences, notably French, have been strong there. But the Argentine festivities marked the inauguration of a systematic furthering of Spanish literature and Spanish architecture and Spanish music. Every Spanish American country was wooed, attractive offers to prospective students and professors were advanced, and even the Puerto Ricans received (and accepted) invitations to enjoy scholarships in Spanish universities. As a cultural movement it was unexceptionable and as such it was at first looked upon with friendly eyes by all admirers of Spanish culture—including the present writer, who was especially pleased to see that the architects of Buenos Aires were turning back to the exquisite Spanish forms of earlier days to replace the hideous monstrosities which are so blatant a feature of the Argentine capital.

But then "a change came o'er the spirit of the dream." The communist government in Spain perceived the possibilities in "Hispanismo" and began to use it as a political force, and the present Spanish régime is continuing that policy. Now there is in Spanish America (Brazil and Haiti, being non-Spanish, are of course outside the charmed circle) a definite program of indoctrinating with Spanish culture the lands which once formed part of Spain's empire, with a view to closer political cooperation between them and the mother country. Even the Philippine Islands have been drawn into the orbit; and in South America some of the more outspoken and enthusiastic adherents of Hispanism are actually talking of restoring Spanish rule.

That is why the movement is today characterized by a tone of aggressive and bitter antagonism toward the United States. Its adherents carry on a persistent campaign against any attempt to promote friendship between the Spanish-speaking countries of America and us, since they fear that if the American republics become "good neighbors" Spanish political influence will be reduced almost to zero. Hitler has not failed to grasp the opportunity such a situation offers him and, while not relaxing his nazi activities (which are considerably greater down there than is commonly suspected up here) has been working in close coordination with Hispanism. He helps to direct its activities through nazi agents in Madrid and elsewhere, and only recently, when the air bases in Uruguay were under discussion, adherents of Hispanism in Madrid staged a demonstration of protest in front of the United States embassy, a demonstration so offensive that the Madrid Foreign Office got frightened and the next day took the somewhat unusual step of sending a representative to apologize in person to the United States ambassador. The Spanish government felt that much as they liked "Hispanismo" they could not afford to go so far in approving it (and thereby serving Hitler) as to offend the United States and thus shut off the much desired supplies of food they were trying to get from this country. The Uruguayans on their part were worried and hastened to assure the Spaniards that the new bases would not entail the sacrifice of Uruguayan territory, thereby tacitly admitting that Spain has a special interest in the relations between a Spanish American republic and the United States. That our government recognizes the existence of any such special interest has not yet been conceded.

Last year the Spaniards announced that a "Consejo de Hispanismo" was going to be formed, and on the eighth of January of this year the official decree appeared. Diplomats, authors, churchmen and others, to the number of about sixty, are charged with promoting the sacred cause, under the leadership of Serrano Suñer, the Foreign Minister. What is making Catholics in this country uneasy is that there seems to be an attempt to inject into Hispanism a religious element. At the student congress in Lima in 1939 the very first speaker, a youth from Mexico, devoted his oratorical powers to praising "Hispanidad," to the displeasure of many of his hearers, who resented the intrusion of that topic; and a month later *El Siglo*, the organ of the Youth of Catholic Action in Spain, hailed the conference as "the first great victory of Hispanidad." To link the Church with a political cause is no new trick for Spanish or Spanish-American politicians. Those who know those countries are familiar with it and recognize its danger, and that is why they are on their guard against any movement which is presented in such a way as to create the impression that to oppose it is to oppose the Church. Years ago a priest in Colombia said to me: "In this country the Conservatives have been using the Church as a ladder, and when they have climbed up to where they want to get they kick the ladder away." Those words are true, and they apply to other Latin American countries as well as to Colombia. Do they apply to "Hispanismo"?

While Spanish Americans revere Spanish culture, as is natural and right, it is probable that very few, if any, would like to see Spain ruling

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again in any part of the western hemisphere. But the number of Spaniards living in Spanish America is not inconsiderable and some of them are influential, while Hitler's agents in that part of the world are very numerous and excellently organized. (The agents of "Finito" Mussolini must also be reckoned with, though now that Italy has ceased to be an independent country the influence of the fascists has declined.) So "Hispanismo" will take some watching, and when we feel like dismissing its political implications let us recall what happened in Santo Domingo less than eighty years ago.

Education in Dakota

Feed and horses and poker were not excluded from the curriculum before the Dakotas became states.

By **T. D. Lyons**

DAKOTA TERRITORY had a great boom after the bumper wheat crop of '79. The Prairie Queen section of wheat owned by our family netted $20,000. The crop went 35 bushels to the acre—No. 1 hard, testing 63 lbs. to the bushel by legal test. It bought $1.25 a bushel in Minneapolis on a special contract purchase by English millers.

Up to that time Northern Dakota was always called the "Pembina Country" and its citizens were willing to have it admitted to statehood under the name of Pembina, leaving the famed name of Dakota to the southern half of the territory. But after '79, "Dakota No. 1 hard" was a valuable trade-name, and Northern Dakota insisted on its undivided one-half interest in this asset.

In the various Congresses, after that year, efforts to secure admission to statehood, either as one state or two states, were constantly made. These scholastic statistics of Dakota were paraded: more dollars were spent for education than in Maine; more and higher priced teachers than in South Carolina; more pupils in school than in Tennessee. There was a slight catch to it, though. The average of "days of school per pupil" was about 79, and thereupon hinges my story.

At my father's "Big Place" southwest of De Smet, in good wheat years when the July weather was cool and the heads filled out and the berries ripened slowly to their full plumpness, wheat harvest did not begin until the first week in August. We kept three headers and three binders cutting, and figured it was a poor day if we did not cut 150 acres of grain. Besides that, my father contracted, usually, with Andy Dailey to run his header on the east quarter sections of the Big Place, and with John Windedahl to cut with his two binders (one McCormick, and one Deering) on the west acreage. Each had to come some distance in the morning with teams, and return at night, so that their combined average was not over 60 acres a day. This enabled our binders (all Deerings) to leave the wheat harvest and start cutting the oats and barley as they ripened. We always "knocked off" work, and so did Andy Dailey, for August 15, because that was a Holy Day of Obligation, in spite of the fact that we ran on Sundays. Father Ahern, a graduate of Louvain and Maynooth, usually drove his ponies up from Montrose to say Mass at an improvised altar, either in a room at the Big Place or in the Rock Creek schoolhouse. As the 15th of August was also my father's birthday, a half-barrel of beer was placed on tap and was cordially enjoyed by the harvest hands and guests of the countryside.

We usually finished wheat harvest about August 25. Meantime, our binders had cut the half-section of barley and the 480 acres of oats. The shocks stood in these fields ready for stacking and made a magnificent sight in regular rows. We were accustomed to haul the bundles of oats and barley up to the main yards of the Big Place and place the stacks so that when we threshed the straw would run into the alley of "The Shed." This was a structure 300 feet long, divided into two parts by an alley 50 feet wide which ran full length down the center. After threshing, this alley stood full of oats and barley straw piled 100 feet high.

When the stacking was finished September had come, and we were waiting to get the threshers for the wheat, oats and barley—either the Buffalo Pitts, or the J. I. C. Steam Thresher and Separator. In the meantime, all hands started running gang-plows, each pulled by five big horses, to turn the stubble under for fire-breaks around all the "settings" of stacked wheat. When the threshers got there, all our teams were used in hauling the grain direct from "the machine" to my father's grain elevator at Redstone, and the "flat-house" at St. Mary's. When threshing was over, it was usually well along toward November,

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and the family moved from the Big Place into the house which my father rented from Judge Deyo Baldwin in Redstone — the children to attend school.

It was my mother's original plan that her children, after having missed the first two months of school, would have at least the remaining six months of the eight-months' term in Redstone. For two or three years this theory worked. But one day a suave shoe salesman from Boston came into my father's big pioneer store. The great painted sign across the front of this block-long wooden building announced "REDSTONE MERCANTILE COMPANY — Dry Goods, Groceries, Fine Tobaccos, Farm Implements, Boots & Shoes, Caps & Mitts, German Socks, Overshoes, Hardware, Rock Salt, Harness and Saddles." A great snow storm (which would have been called a "blizzard" except that, after 1888, that title was reserved to the "Great Blizzard" of that year) had blocked all railroad transportation for about three weeks. So Mr. Nugent, who was representing the big Boston shoe firm, had plenty of time for conversation with my father. It developed that Mr. Nugent had a brother in Boston whose business was buying horses for the express companies. The traveling salesman advised my father that he might expect a call from the horsebuyer brother in the spring, as there was a good market in Boston for big draft horses. We learned to our surprise that in that city a big truck was drawn by one horse instead of by a team.

Mr. Nugent knew a lot about horses, and went out to the Big Place and looked over my father's fine Norman Percherons. He told my father that they were splendid horses but too lean for the Boston market. My father became indignant and said that if his horses were any fatter they would not be in shape to work. Nugent said, "If you want to sell horses to my brother for the Boston market, fat them like you would fatten a hog, and finish them off with brown sugar to give a gloss to their coats." My father pooh-poohed the idea, but soon received a letter from Mr. Nugent's brother in Boston stating that he meant business, and quoting attractive prices on big draft horses, provided they were "sound in wind and limb and free from all blemishes of every character."

My father had long chafed over "hanging around the store in the winter time." He welcomed something else to do, and anyway, Olaf Norstrom, L.L.D., a Norwegian aristocrat and scholar who had got stranded in Dakota, was the real dictator and boss of the Redstone mercantile establishment. He was faithful beyond any limit to my father's interests, and was not only a skilled merchant, but understood the then mysterious science of double-entry bookkeeping. Olaf did not hesitate to lecture even my father over some of his impulsive purchases, inspired by a desire to help some young "traveling man" get a start.

According to Mr. Nugent's instructions, the big barn at the Big Place suddenly took on unwonted life, in February. Two hundred tons of prairie hay and fifty tons of millet were put into the haymow. The grain bins on the north side were filled with 2,000 bushels of oats. Fifty tons of mixed ground corn and rye were hauled out from the Redstone Mills, and five big barrels of brown sugar and a hogshead of molasses from the Redstone Mercantile Company. My father selected twenty fine horses of his own for fattening, and began to buy up big teams from other farmers and ranchmen.

Then came the tug-of-war.

One fine Sunday afternoon in February, near Washington's Birthday, my father lit a cigar very deliberately and stood holding the match and puffing slowly as if to get the cigar burning with a good clear light around the full circle. He still held the match (which had gone out) between his thumb and forefinger. We children were experienced enough to know that this move generally presaged the opening of an important, and usually difficult, negotiation with my mother. Finally my father, endeavoring to be casual, spoke up with an assumed cheerfulness and said: "Sarah, what marks did the three boys get in school, in the Christmas examination?"

My mother, not at all beguiled by the maneuver, said in the most acid voice she could assume, which was not, after all, very forbidding: "Dick, those poor children didn't get very good marks. The surprising thing is that they passed at all, after being kept out of school so long. They will have to study hard the rest of the school year to make up."

My father said, "Why, I thought they had pretty good marks. . . . I am going to need two of the boys for a day or two out at the place, until we get the horse feeding under way."

My mother's protests, as she well knew they would be, were of no avail. We were delighted at the idea of a vacation. Thereafter it was an annual event for us to spend from February 15 to about March 7 on the Big Place.

When the Boston horse buyer arrived my father had forty horses hog fat; some of them would weigh over a ton each. They had been finished with brown sugar, and their coats were glossy and smooth. George Davidson would lead them out, one big team at a time. From the feeding barn down to the gate was about thirty rods. George would lead out a big horse; my brother or myself would "step" his left foot into George's big hand, grabbing the horse's mane with the left hand at the same time, and in half a second a boy would be on the horse's back with the halter-rope in his

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hand. One of the handlers would give the big horse a slap on the rump with a wooden paddle, and the horse would, apparently, start at a mad dash to gallop down to the gate. There was where a little strategy came in, and where my father needed his own boys rather than strangers. The horses were over-fattened, and the dash down to the gate and back was to test their wind for the buyer. To let them travel too fast would be injurious, so both my brother and myself, who had been good bare-back riders since before we could remember, would pull hard on the halter-rope and let the horse amble gently down to the gate. On the way back, when we reached the place on the road parallel to the Big Shed, about ten rods distant from the yard in front of the feed barn, we would scourge the horse vigorously with the end of the halter-rope so that he would come up to the barn at a gallop. All of our horses passed the test for "winding."

My father sold the two cars of horses to Mr. Nugent at a fine profit, but the money would not be forthcoming until delivery in Boston. To the surprise of many citizens of Redstone, one evening the northbound passenger train switched to a side track and coupled two palace horse cars behind the Pullman. Our horses were in St. Paul the next morning and the two cars were made part of the fast overland freight to the East, of which Jim Hill made a specialty for fine livestock.

A rather enjoyable incident grew out of the unusual procedure of permitting horse cars to be hauled by the passenger train. A dapper little drummer named Johnnie Deerman traveled for Keogh, Warner & Sherman, the great dry goods wholesale house of Minneapolis and St. Paul. Olaf had switched the Redstone Mercantile Company's business from Carson, Pirie & Scott, of Chicago, to the St. Paul firm. The dapper traveling man had, according to the humor of those days, been popularly christened "Harry Hayward" after the notorious melodramatic traveling salesman who was convicted of having procured the murder of Catherine Ging, the poor servant girl whom he had betrayed. Hayward was subsequently hanged, amid much newspaper fanfare. Little Johnnie Deerman had the impudence to complain rather publicly about the special privileges my father had secured from the railroad, in having his horses transported by passenger train. It became one of his favorite anecdotes to "the trade" and, of course, he enlarged upon it in repetition.

When he learned that some of his mouthings had come to my father's ears, he was perturbed lest his company lose the fat dry-goods orders which Olaf had been giving him. He took the matter up with Olaf, who assured him that the dry goods matter was wholly business, and that Keogh, Warner & Sherman would not lose any of the trade. Being a little sneak, he then suggested to Olaf that perhaps my father might lodge a complaint against him. "No," Olaf said, "no fear of that, but look out for yourself, old Boss has his own way of making people very sorry when they do him a dirty trick."

Johnnie Deerman was really skilled in his business. He was considered by many village belles between Fargo and Sioux Falls to be the swellest dresser who made that territory. He had a cute small mustache, and wore many flashing, expensive rings. He was a good story teller, and a good poker player too—according to my father, up to the point where his courage began to ebb. To his surprise, my father treated him with his usual bland manner, and listened with apparent interest to his latest stories and gags. A small poker game, even, was indulged in, and all passed off enjoyably. But Johnnie kept brooding over Olaf's warning, and when he heard that my father had sold the two cars of horses in Boston for the round sum of $10,000, a spirit of petty vindictiveness took possession of him.

A great friend of Johnnie's from St. Paul, who went by the name of "Dude" Cabe Mackenzie, had just taken over the Grande Teton Hotel at Madison. This was a magnificent building of Sioux Falls granite and had been graced by the presence of President Hayes when he came out to Dakota to see the bonanza wheat crop. Mr. Mackenzie had the only sealskin coat and cap in Madison. The diamonds he wore on his left hand were said to be worth $25,000. On his engraved calling cards appeared names of the French nobility, to wit, "DuLhut Cabanis Choteau Mackenzie." His nickname of "Dude" was a corruption of "Dute," which was the abbreviation of his first name. His nickname of "Cabe" came from the distinguished Orleans family, "Cabanis." Mr. Mackenzie was a high toned gentleman gambler. Those who knew him well said that he had a sprinkling of Ojibway Indian blood mingled with the French and Scotch. He fitted up rooms above the Gold Nugget Saloon, so-called because gold nuggets were sunk in the black cement floor in front of the bar. One of his stooges from Grand Forks ran a very private, select, supposedly secret gambling hall in these rooms.

Johnnie Deerman knew of my father's predilection for the "picture cards" and suggested to Cabe that part of that $10,000 horse money really belonged to him anyway, since his rest on the Pullman had been sadly marred by the hitching of the horse cars onto the passenger train going to St. Paul. The rest of this story I heard from Uncle Will after my father's death.

Uncle Will began at the point where my father had met him in Madison to discuss the question of selling their joint wheat crop or holding it through the winter, hoping for a better market

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in April. Uncle Will was hauling 100-bushel loads of wheat with six horses from Prairie Queen to Madison, and was staying over that night as a guest of Coon Klotzpaugh, in his warm, comfortable livery stable office. He and Coon had walked into Lew Maloney's Bar for a drink of Canadian Club whiskey, and ran into my father having a drink with Johnnie Deerman, alias Harry Hayward.

In the ordinary course, after another round of drinks, Coon Klotzpaugh suggested a little social game of poker in his livery stable office. Johnnie Deerman readily agreed, but suggested that, just as a tourist proposition, they all go by and give the once-over to the new swell gambling joint. Well, to condense the story, when they got in there, they started to play, and pretty soon my father, who had $2,000 cash in his pocket, was engaged in a stiff game with Dude Mackenzie. To everybody's surprise, in just a few hands my father dropped $1,600. Not unnaturally, Johnnie Deerman, as a friend, stood close to my father, watching his play, and could see my father's hand.

At this point, Uncle Will made some jocular diversion. Cabe ordered glasses of 25-cents-a-drink whiskey served all around "on the house." My father, Coon Klotzpaugh and Uncle Will walked down the street. Uncle Will said that for once my father was truly nonplussed, and admitted that he could not understand the situation. He said he knew Mackenzie was not marking the cards, and that the game was square. At this point, Uncle Will shot a heavy squirt of tobacco juice into the street, which my father took as a derisory gesture, and demanded an explanation. Uncle Will said, "Why, your friend, Harry Hayward, was signalling in the looking glass with his diamond ring, and every time there was a good pot he tipped off your hand to Cabe."

The three friends held a council of war and decided that my father needed a large supply of cash immediately. Where to get it at that hour in the morning was a problem. Fortunately, they ran into Tim Lannon, the banker, and explained the circumstances. He walked around to the back door of his bank and came back with $5,000, handing each of the Lyons brothers $2,500 and saying that Uncle Will could drop in later in the day and "fix up" the transaction.

When they returned to the gambling room, they declined Mr. Mackenzie's invitation to play, saying they came only to have a drink before leaving town. Uncle Will, however, finally agreed to "high-spade" at $50 per cut for five cuts. He won four out of the five, netting him $150 of Cabe's money. During the proceedings, he had produced his roll of $2,500, and finally allowed himself to be persuaded by Cabe and Deerman to have a few hands at poker. Naturally, my father was soon drawn into the game again. But this time he and Uncle Will and Mr. Klotzpaugh had things fixed so that no one could see their hands, and they not only won back what my father had lost, but took $8,000 of Mackenzie's money, in which Deerman had a 20 percent interest.

Deerman, pasty-faced and shaken, blurted out that he had used $300 of the firm's money and would be ruined as an embezzler if he could not replace it. He begged my father for a loan. My father peeled off three $100 bills and handed them to him.

"Johnnie," he said, "when you go out into the next room don't stop there. There are some young lads there playing penny-ante. If they win your roll, they won't give it back—they play for keeps."

And after a pause, turning a savage steel blue glare on the trembling Deerman, my father went on, "And if I were you, the next time I got into a poker game, I believe I would take that diamond off my finger. Some fellow, you know, might get mad at you for using that to signal with, and chop your left hand off."

Then, turning to Cabe, and in the level voice in which he usually spoke to one of the clerks in the Redstone Store, my father said, "Cabe, tell your men that your gambling joint closes this morning—for keeps. One crooked game is one too many in the Sioux Valley."

Mackenzie, who knew he was all through, asked only for a little time to dispose of his hotel lease on the Grande Teton, and soon returned to his old stomping ground of St. Paul and Grand Forks. Uncle Will concluded the story with great solemnity by saying, "Tom, my brother Dick was the best poker player in Dakota."

Walkout

By TIM O'BRIEN

IT WAS two-thirty in the afternoon and the chairman of our shop committee passed the word there was to be an immediate stoppage. It took no more than five minutes to see us pulled out 100 per cent. We would have cleared in four, but it took a minute to listen to the message from our employer which embodied a threat of discharge for anyone leaving the building during working hours. As long as the threat was a blanket one we felt secure in our jobs. We are as certain of this security as is the worker who was unjustly discharged for his union activity and for whose protection we were now walking out.

It is with this precision that my union functions. I speak of the International Fur and Leather Workers Union, CIO. Since my six months employment in the fur market and as a member of the Fur Union, my perspective has become a bit clearer; that is, clearer than it was in those days

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when I could be found at Catholic gatherings making my condemnations of the left-wing unions. The furriers' union was one of my pet targets. I am not implying now, however, that this union is not of left-wing tendency. Left-wingism in the fur market has a first cause and, from what I have learned, this cause is directly traceable to the peon-like employment conditions that existed before the union altered them.

In my present place of employment workers were once paid a stipend of a dollar for working long into the night. The same compensation stood for Sundays. And the work for which these wages were paid was hard. It consisted of preparing raw furs for auction sale on a scheduled date. The dollar-for-supper business is only one, but it is used as a typical instance of a cruel exploitation. It is typical of the many obstacles that beset the union. Being pushed to the extreme, the Fur Union naturally was forced to apply those measures usually identified with the left.

Now it seems strange that those measures I have often said were lacking but needed in unions are readily found in my union. Measures that might be advocated in Catholic social talks and writings are practiced daily in my shop and throughout the rest of the market, although the Christian motivation is lacking. To list a few:

> We tolerate no labor aristocracy and take in all types of workers on an industrial basis.
>
> We live by a contract clause barring racial and other discrimination. This resulted in securing jobs for heretofore excluded Negroes.
>
> We live by the policy of giving a fair day's work when our contract conditions are observed by the employer.
>
> We abide to fullest extent by the letter of our contract.
>
> We protect each other through a fund which gives gifts in money to a worker getting married, becoming a parent or suffering from a sickness extending beyond the ten-day sick leave period to which he is entitled. More recently our fund has made gifts in money to departing conscripts.
>
> We maintain a loan fund to help our employees against loan sharks, should they suffer economic misfortune.

The above list could be extended. And because that is so, it would be hard for me to share in all our union facilities and remain a critic. My first experience was the day after I had become a proud father. Though I had been employed at the place only two months, the shop committee presented me with a cash gift sufficient for the purchase of a complete layette. This is constantly the case. Shop committees and other workers visit our sick brothers. When an ex-employee was evicted and suffered other reverses our boys came to his rescue. Funny how it all works out. Those days of criticism included woeful yarns against the materialism of our present-day unionists, especially the more radical ones. Yet men whom I categorically included in my tirades were the ones who ameliorated the pinching need at the time of my baby's arrival, the event which, through the months of unemployment, we had put into the hands of Divine Providence. I ask, then—mindful of "conservative" unions, the names of whose leaders suggest they might be Catholic—am I in a position to criticize?

While we are still engaged in a stoppage there is plenty of time for our shop meetings. These are interesting as the business of solving shop problems gets under way. The fellow for whom we walked out expresses his thanks and gives his promise of reciprocation should the need arise. We talk about improvements in our mutual benefit plans. A mild attempt to charter us *en masse* into the pinkish International Workers Order gets no further than a pre-meeting caucus. The suggestion that we use our shop fund to send delegates to the "right" functions (Youth Congress, American Peace Mobilization, etc.) is defeated. Domination by the left? Hardly.

These arguments over shop problems go on for hours. As a Catholic I must rise now and then to speak against support of measures and organizations contrary to my beliefs. In doing this I am listened to with the greatest respect. Those around the union hall who are known to me and others as communists give me an attentive ear. We argue violently but usually end up by working together on the shop paper or carrying out some task connected with the walkout, on which we agree so heartily.

As my association with left-minded workers goes on the social arguments increase in interest. Our coffee session forums become our main source of relaxation and companionship. Said one of my friendly opponents, "You must be of the left wing of the Church." This is an outcome of the bewildering effect made by our common agreement on the topics of union activity, anti-Semitism, civil liberties, etc.

This accent on left-wing adherents is not to imply that the shop employees or members of my local are clearly divided between the left and the right. The diversity of national extractions and conflicting beliefs, religious and philosophical, serve to blend the bloods and shake the viewpoints down to a basis of common agreement in practical action. Collectively we are an American group and we are made up of Greeks, Jews, Republicans, Democrats, Catholics, Negroes and Whites. No one school can impose itself upon this mixture except that of the democratic rule of equality. A Stalinist might attempt to use our resources and energies for the defeat of the Lend-Lease Bill. A Norwegian, the memory of a small democracy still fresh in his mind, looks at this proposal his way. So does the anti-English Irishman, the Pole, the Czech. We are genuinely unified, strangely, because we are typically an American and cosmopolitan group.

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I am lost in this blending of bloods and find myself engaged in positive action, hardly a critic but definitely moving along as part of it and will stick till we win the reinstatement of the discharged worker. Because the gang knows me as a Catholic, I prefer to have them see me on the constructive end of things. If some of them differ with me—and our differences are religious and philosophical ones more than union policy ones—I must remember the fertile field in which their opposing outlooks took root. The first cause, I say again, does not trace back to them.

Views & Reviews

BY MICHAEL WILLIAMS

I HAVE been reading one more of those remarkable studies of human nature in the form of novels written by Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn. This latest version of the one story that he has been telling in various forms is entitled "Moscow 1979." In this instance he has associated with himself his wife Christine. Of the latter's qualities as a writer I have had no experience. I presume that her influence must be important. I do know, however, that in the person of Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn we have an author of quite extraordinary quality. He is a young man. Like many young men of today's disordered generations, he is obviously one who has had an extraordinary amount of experience. I have read his other books, and reading this one is like a continuation of a monologue by one who has a right to speak. I am afraid, however, that he finds few who understand the fundamental nature of what he is talking about.

Doubtless there are many who follow with fascination those stories in which the disorder of Europe and Asia is displayed with a sensitiveness to the suffering, particularly the suffering of the creative part of humanity, namely, women, which in my experience places this writer in a class by himself. This may be why he now collaborates with a woman in a book which is marked with a very definite personal quality.

How his books are faring in our country, I do not know. I am glad that Sheed & Ward have had the courage to bring them out. I hope that the publishers are receiving their proper reward. It seems to me, however, that our Catholic periodicals have not given this author's work the keen attention which his unique quality demands.

Let me put the problem in a slightly different way, in order to approach the main theme. We Catholics say that we believe in a spiritual world. Undoubtedly we do, but I am afraid that many of us look upon such expressions as the "Spiritual Powers" or the "Spiritual World" or the "Spiritual Conflict" without really comprehending the literal accuracy of the terms.

Long ago, the man with the keenest pen ever used in the service of Christianity, Paul the Apostle, proving the spiritual originality of the Jewish people at its greatest height, said that the war in which the Christians were engaged was a war against those powers which are seated in the high places of the human mind. Every day, in the Canon of the Mass, the priest calls upon the powers and principalities, and we listen, and some of us try to comprehend.

But how many of us indeed are ready to acknowledge the stark truth of the holy words? Now and again there has appeared a writer who does realize their truth and conveys to his readers his realization of the great mystery involved in the permission given by Almighty God to the powers of evil.

That strange concordat, as it might be termed, makes the beauty and power of the Book of Job. It runs through all the great literature of the Jews, of the Greeks, and—since the coming of Our Lord—of Western Christian peoples.

In our own time, even the newspapers themselves tell the same story—but, of course, not with the same beauty, or the same inner sense of reality.

I return now from this detour, to the author I am talking about. Like Monsignor Hugh Benson or Georges Bernanos—and, curiously enough, like several of our American authors, like Nathaniel Hawthorne and Henry James (in his story "The Turn of the Screw"), Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn knows that evil spirits are invading the world today.

Invading, first of all, human minds—turning them away from that which is good and upright, and then proceeding from the mind to the heart, and invading human hearts with that deadly disease called hatred. In book after book, he has shown how these spirits, whose name literally is "legion"—taking advantage of God's permission—are turning men against men, men against women, race against race, class against class—when the obvious, decent, human way is for men and women to get along together united by a spirit of love.

It is important, therefore, for Catholic readers to understand that the sensitive details in the various books written by this author, belong to the center of human love. For Catholics, particularly, who vow allegiance to a supernatural set of values, to be passive in the hour of the intense conflict of two great streams of spiritual power would be a mistake at best. If persisted in, it might become a deliberate error of the mind.

We must be quite simple—so it seems to me—and not try to explain to others that, after all, we believe in Hell and the devils and evil, but only in a fashion that might reconcile our way of thinking with that of the most advanced and supposedly scientific minds of the day.

There are evil spirits. Their work is quite plain. They set class against class. They set race against race. They make groups of men confuse their personal egotism with the egotism of some national spirit—possibly even of the class spirit.

Nothing whatever can overthrow the power of that type of spirit, except the precise opposite. Love must be made strong. Love must become what our Lord inspired

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Saint Paul to display. What we do for the people we actually know is what counts. We cannot see God—but we do know Mrs. Jones or Mr. Smith, or whatever the name of our neighbor might be. If we turn our backs upon the difficulties and troubles of those we know—and then talk, once a week, of a Great God beyond this world who is Love—well, we become hypocrites. The book I am recommending this week shows what hypocrisy really is—a proof of the power of Hell.

Communications

LATIN AMERICA IS DYNAMITE

Roland Park, Md.

TO the Editors: The Reverend Edwin Ryan is right on most of his points in "Latin America is Dynamite" (February 7), though one may doubt the accuracy of both his dogmatic statements concerning "Hispanidad."* If the Protestants of the United States are going to save Latin-America for anti-clerical democracy and the Catholics of the United States are going to save five times their number in Ibero-America for the Faith, both groups should have not only popular spokesmen who know the Republics to the south but scholars who have more than a fleet, airy zeal for things Spanish, now that socialism, birth control, communism and Franco have played out.

Seven, or even more, Catholics who can give radio talks in Portuguese or Spanish offer a nucleus, but a disappointing one. What have Catholic universities been doing? What critical courses have they in Spanish literature, ecclesiastical history, economic and social life, civil law, contemporary culture? How many Catholics have a formal university training in *any* of these fields?

LUIS FERROZ.

FREE MILK

Wollaston, Mass.

TO the Editors: In your editorial, "Free Milk" (December 13) you say that "Modern dietetics have established the fact that the leader among protective and nutritious foods is milk. . . . However, it is recognized that large groups of the least fortunate have no means, even if they have the will, to get enough milk to keep their children healthy and strong."

It is also an established fact that the same income cannot be spent twice for food. The people as a whole have been "able to afford" in recent years a per capita consumption of all kinds of alcoholic beverages, which, in 1937, was 15.8 gallons, at a per capita cost of $29.35, or $118 a year per family of four. That sum, $118, would buy the family of four 980 quarts of milk, instead of 15.8 gallons of alcoholic drink. The difference in health-giving qualities between the two kinds of beverage is too manifest to need comment, and so is the unwisdom of thus spending the family income when milk is so vitally needed.

During the prohibition period, the increased consumption of milk was most notable. Since repeal, there has been a marked drop in milk consumption, running into millions of quarts *per day*. There seems to be a choosing between the purchase of milk and the purchase of liquor, and the decline in milk consumption indicates the choice that is too often made. A high official in a New England dairies group tells me that, in this area at least, the drop in milk consumption is attributable to repeal.

H. J. MAINWARING,.

AN ENCYCLICAL

Roland Park, Md.

TO the Editors: During days such as we are living through, shattered by conflicting opinions and heated controversies, I think it would profit us to read over again, slowly and thoughtfully, the Encyclical of Leo XIII, "The Constitution of States." It would certainly help toward a clarification of our ideas on many of the current issues arising from our own internal affairs and European events. And those who are writing about these controversial subjects in our Catholic magazines and papers might read with particular care the last section of the Encyclical, in which a warning against bitterness in controversy among Catholics is given—with a special warning to be "borne in mind by all who are in the habit of publishing their opinions, and above all by journalists."

V. P. C.

FORUM

Grand Rapids, Mich.

TO the Editors: In Mr. Agar's recent article in "Forum" he mentions that some people say that aid to Britain only prolongs the war. I wonder if those who say that realize its implication, which is that Hitler is to win the war: nothing else.

A. K. GIBSON.

The Stage & Screen

Speech in the Theatre

THOSE who have to attend the theatre night after night have become aware of a rather peculiar thing—the contrast in speech between the average American actress and actor. No actresses in the world have more pleasing voices than most of our American stars, voices better modulated, more musical. And it isn't only our Cornells, Claires or Cowls who speak well; many of our younger actresses have equally fine voices, which they use equally well. The result is that our actresses can play effectively all types of plays. They can be "folksy" if they have to be, but their vocal equipment makes them equally effective in Shakespeare, Ibsen and Chekov. They can even go to England and play in typical English rôles to the applause of the London critics and public. In short their range is extraordinarily wide. But the young American actor is in a very different case. There are of course exceptions such as Richard Whorf, José Ferrer, Joseph Holland, Orson Welles, Leo Chalzell, and Wesley Addy,

*See Father Ryan's article this week, "Hispanismo," page 534.

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but the great majority of our younger actors speak their native tongue precisely as they spoke it when they emerged from high-school in Jersey, Indiana, Nebraska, or New York. They never have seemed to recognize that speech is a part, and perhaps the most important part of the art of acting. They go right on burring their r's or not sounding them at all, in tones flat or nasal or both, slurring their syllables, swallowing their consonants. The result is inevitable; they are definitely typed for American realistic plays, and are fitted only for these. When sometimes through poor casting they appear in the classic drama, or in plays which require lightness of touch, charm of manner or poetic feeling, they stick out like sore thumbs. When they complain, as sometimes they do, that English actors are preferred to them, they should be told to go home and first learn how to speak.

Is this unwillingness to learn to speak properly due to laziness, or is it a feeling, peculiar to America, that for a man to try to improve his speech is a mark of effeminacy? I'm inclined to think it is the latter. The American man is nearer the frontier than his sister; the artist is still suspect. Only, if he feels this way, why should a he-man attempt to be an artist? A singer must learn to produce pleasing tones; why shouldn't an actor? But the fact remains that in America he usually doesn't. When John Barrymore decided to play in Shakespeare the first thing he did was to put himself under a vocal coach. The result was his Hamlet. I wonder how many of our young actors have ever even considered doing this. Perhaps they would if they could realize that charm, distinction of manner, an arresting personality are all heightened, and usually only possible, to those who speak in cultivated, musical voices. The greatest weakness of the drama in America today lies in its obsession with the photographic reproduction of middle or lower class life. The inner life, the life of the imagination, is almost out, and one of the reasons is the fact that we have so few male actors capable of expressing this life. It may be argued that this is effect rather than cause, but this argument breaks down in the face of the ability of our actresses to play these parts. I'm strongly of the opinion that it all boils down to a very simple fact—our young actresses take their calling as an art, and our young actors don't. GRENVILLE VERNON.

Pépé and Chips Again

NOW CAN be seen for the first time the French film that inspired Walter Wanger's production "Algiers." On looking over my own review (July 29, 1938) I see that I was enthusiastic about that picture. But if "Algiers" was good, *"Pépé le Moko"* is excellent. It is interesting to note how the Wanger film followed, indeed copied, the French original scene for scene, but through romanticizing lost the authenticity of setting and characterization that the French director Juilien Duvivier captured so effectively. It has the same story, from the novel by d'Ashelbe, about the immoral Pépé le Moko—thief and Don Juan—who successfully uses Algiers' mysterious Casbah district as a hide-out until he is lured by his own restlessness, love for freedom, nostalgia for Paris, and by a beautiful woman, into the city where he is captured. This French version (with English subtitles that are a bit naïve in their translations and omissions) makes no pretense, calls a spade a spade and pictures the Casbah with its squalor, lust, filth and meanness, as it is—a refuge for lost derelicts. Nor is any attempt made to prettify the sordid story. Jean Gabin, unlike the glamorous Boyer, plays the district's adored hero for what he is—a much loved and loving sinner whose suicidal finish is the last step in a debauched life. The outstanding scene is again the one in which the informer is pumped full of lead while the player piano bangs out its tinny tune. For those who did not see "Algiers," here is an opportunity to see an interesting and well-constructed film. For students of cinema, it is a good chance to compare French with American technique.

"Cheers for Miss Bishop" is an American version of a female Mr. Chips. If the picture had a little more solid foundation, it would be as good as the Chips film. But it moves with a slowly paced, tear-drenched sweetness; and unfortunately it loses some of its effectiveness because it is a follow-up and copy of the Chips. It watches the life of Ella Bishop from 1879 when she enrolls as a student at Midwestern University (a single building in the midst of a corn-planted prairie) through her teaching days at Midwestern, until she attends her fifty-first alumni banquet ("of bad food and bad speeches"). Miss Bishop has the magic touch for teaching and a great love for young people. The pattern of her work as an outstanding instructor in English is broken only by two love affairs (both thwarted) before she retires a very old lady honored by the university and praises of former students. Most of this is told in flashbacks bathed in soft sentimentality. Martha Scott gives an excellent performance in her first solo starring rôle. As the hopeful student, enthusiastic young teacher, left-at-the-altar bride, cross old maid, gentle loving and wise old woman, she never forgets that she is the mentor, the guiding light of young seekers of knowledge. Under Richard A. Rowland's production and Tay Garnett's direction, Miss Scott is aided by a good cast: William Gargan, Edmund

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MARTHA SCOTT WILLIAM GARGAN

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Gwenn, Sidney Blackmer, Mary Anderson, Dorothy Peterson. Although the freedom theme is overstretched in the dialogue without being incorporated into the action, Adelaide Heilbron and Sheridan Gibney have written a good script from Stephen Vincent Benét's adaptation of Bess Streeter Aldrich's novel. Here are tears and cheers for Miss Bishop!

"That Night in Rio" is one of those overtechnicolored musical pictures in which everyone, for no reason at all, wears bright clothes, joins in the singing, rhumbas and grins too much. Be sure you like Don Ameche, because the plot requires that you see him double: as a Brazilian baron and as an American singer-actor who impersonates him. This leads to complications involving the baron's wife and the actor's "girl friend." And this leads to lines and who-slept-with-whom situations that are as suggestively vulgar as any that have been in movies. In fact the picture makes a point of emphasizing its own bad taste: comedy is supposedly derived from a man with a face twitch; Alice Faye wears some costumes that even Sadie Thompson wouldn't have appeared in. But this latest gesture-to-South America film has one exceedingly bright spot: Carmen Miranda sings, dances, rolls her eyes and hips, gestures vivaciously and exhibits more vitality and acting ability than the entire cast. And her little finger steals the picture right away from Ameche's toothy smile and Faye's snub nose.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

Books of the Week

Poland

Pilsudski. Alexandra Pilsudska. Dodd. $3.00. *Quest. Leopold Infeld. Doubleday.* $3.00.

QUITE apart from the natural sympathy which any one must have for a nation that has been conquered and which is suffering the effects of conquest by régimes not celebrated for their leniency, there remains the puzzle of Poland. What sort of people are the Poles ,and how account for the very different opinions of Poles held by those who have most intimately come in contact with them? These two recent biographies cast a little light on the question, if only in the contrast between them. Madame Pilsudska has really not written a life of her husband as much as her own autobiography. One forms quite a clear picture of the kind of person she is; one forms almost no picture of Poland's most distinguished political leader of recent times. She begins with a very vivid account of the recent war, describing her escape and ascribing the collapse of Poland to the intervention of Russia. One detail in this connection is perhaps worth lifting out of context if only to show how things can be distorted. In September, 1939, the communist press published accounts of the Polish peasants and workers welcoming their communist "liberators." Undoubtedly those who were not infected with intellectual allegiance to every thing published in the *Daily Worker* discounted this and considered it merely more propaganda. Madame Pilsudska confirms the event, but gives a perfectly understandable explanation for it. I quote the whole paragraph, if only as a commentary on the utter confusion possible in our contemporary world.

> For the first twenty-four hours the wildest rumours and conjectures flew about, for many believed with tragic optimism that a secret military treaty had been signed with Russia and that Stalin's troops had entered Poland as our allies and were on their way to the Western Front. It was even said that the tanks preceding them were supplies sent by Great Britain and France who were delivering them to us over the Russian frontier. This unfortunate theory originated at the very frontier and was responsible for the fact that the Soviet Army met with no resistance of any sort. All telephone lines to the Polish headquarters having been already cut by spies, the officers responsible for guarding the frontier in the ordinary way, none of whom were of very high rank, were afraid to take the initiative in view of the mysterious rumours of Russian aid which had been carefully circulated among them. Confused and bewildered by the sudden turn of events they ordered their own troops not to fire on the Soviets with the result that the invaders found all barriers removed and no one to challenge them except a few peasants who hailed them as their defenders.

But this is incidental indeed compared to the much larger question which inevitably arises when one considers the recent history of Poland. Here was a country which for a hundred years had been governed by three powerful neighbors. Everyone seems agreed that the government of Russian Poland was tyrannical and irresponsible and that almost nothing can be said in its justification. It seems likewise agreed that in the German provinces the Poles were not well treated, but that the administration was at least efficient and that a certain sort of justice prevailed. Austrian Poland seems to have suffered the least from oppressive rulers. On these points both of the books under consideration agree. There was therefore a very peculiar situation before the war of 1914. All Poles theoretically were agreed in loving Poland and in desiring that Poland should be great and free. There was a small party of Marxists in Russian Poland which did not particularly desire Polish independence because of a theoretical Marxist objection to nationalism.

But outside of this small group, it may safely be said that the great bulk of Poles were "patriots" and hoped for an independent Poland. Naturally the intensity of this hope—and the revolutionary activity is aroused—varied in accordance with the severity exercised by the powers which ruled the country.

Austrian Poles seem to have been only nominally nationalist. German Poles were so successfully oppressed that little revolutionary activity was possible among them. It was in Russian Poland that patriotic aspirations were able to take advantage of an incredibly inefficient bureaucracy to keep alive a revolutionary nationalistic movement in which Pilsudski was for years one of the leading figures.

According to his wife, he had a well developed plan for the creation of the Polish national state. He was convinced that a war would break out in Europe between England, Russia and France on the one side and Austria and Germany on the other. He was equally convinced that Russia would collapse first, but that in the long run Germany and Austria would be beaten. He therefore decided that the best policy was to abandon any idea of armed insurrection in Russian Poland, to use terroristic methods only in order to acquire what the movement most needed—money and arms—and to train a Polish Legion the services of which he could offer to Austria in case of war. After Austria and Germany had brought about the collapse of Russia, he would then be in a good bargaining position to try to persuade these powers to give Russian

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Poland at least a certain degree of autonomy; and after an Allied victory over Germany and Austria he foresaw that the creation of a Polish state would be quite within the realm of possibility as fitting in with the interests of England and France.

As one reads all this, one cannot help wondering whether Madame Pilsudska does not attribute a political foresight to her husband almost beyond the realm of human possibility. However that may be, what she describes as his plan is a pretty accurate description of what actually happened. Pilsudski's legions fought with the Austrian army until Russian Poland was in Austrian and German hands. A nominally autonomous Polish government was set up in Warsaw, but it proved to be too much dominated by Germany and Austria for Pilsudski's taste, and he consequently spent several months in German political custody. Meanwhile the Poles in France, who had from the outset seen in German and Austrian defeat a chance for Polish freedom, had persuaded the Allies that this was a desirable war aim—particularly after the collapse of Russia and the coming of communism. Post-war Poland was set up and a new task began.

Madame Pilsudska gives a very clear picture of how difficult this task was. The new Polish State had no money; it had no properly organized army; the country had been devastated by war; and the Poles had had no experience in self-government. Once they had achieved an independent Poland, internal cleavages began to make themselves manifest: indeed they had been manifest long before the war of 1914 in the differing attitudes of Polish political parties and in the differing degrees of nationalism in the three divisions of Poland. Almost none of the leaders of these various factions had any conception of compromise or a two-party system. The result was a mass of different political groups, each insisting rigidly on its own ideas, and having relatively little in common to serve as an underlying basis for easier differences of policy and technique. It is often said that in the United States there are relatively few *fundamental differences* between Republicans and Democrats; but it is rarely realized that it is only because there are not many such differences that our parliamentary system can function. If the parties in a democracy are totally opposed to each other, the only solution is a revolution; neither party will ever be satisfied with the results of an election. Multiply this situation by whatever number of political parties there were in Poland, and you gain some conception of the disunity in the country.

To this must be added something upon which Madame Pilsudska is silent. The Poles had long struggled and fought for their own freedom. Despite this—or perhaps because of it—when they achieved their freedom, their treatment of minorities was incredibly unenlightened. Anti-Semitism did not diminish in an independent Poland; on the contrary it seems to have been aggravated. The same could be said of the Ukrainian and Lithuanian minorities.

It is unfortunate that Madame Pilsudska does not discuss these questions. One suspects that the sins of the Polish government in this connection were of tremendous moment when Poland was invaded in the fall of 1939. She herself tells of how the country was riddled with spies and enemy agents; it is hard to believe that a great many of these were not people who had been treated with injustice by the Polish government. Indeed this omission goes far to render Madame Pilsudska's book of very little value historically—save as a purely personal picture of Polish life. Only in one place do we get any inkling of how Pilsudski himself felt in this matter. She quotes from a letter he wrote to Paderewski in April, 1919, after his army had occupied Wilno:

> The people wept for joy. In spite of the terrible state of famine in the city, they brought out what food they had and forced it upon the soldiers. Already there are the most cordial relations between them and the army. The only exceptions have been the Jews who under the rule of the Bolsheviks were the governing class. I have had the greatest difficulty in preventing a massacre provoked by Jewish civilians shooting and throwing hand grenades from their windows. . . .

From this one gathers that Pilsudski himself was not as violently anit-Semitic as most Poles seem to be, but outside of this passage there is no evidence. Unfortunately also, Madame Pilsudska gives only the briefest possible account of Pilsudski's later seizure of power and the policies of his government thereafter.

Leopold Infeld was born in the Cracow ghetto and from there has risen to scientific and literary collaboration with Einstein. He is also a distinguished scientist in his own right. His book tells in detail how he did this, and it is a moving personal document. And as I have said, it does something to round out Madame Pilsudska's picture of the prejudices and hatreds which did so much to weaken the new Polish state. I am not here concerned with the merits of Infeld's book as a whole. They are considerable. For a reader who enjoys autobiography, the book can be heartily recommended. But in the specific connection of Polish anti-Semitism the book has a broader significance. Infeld himself suffered the usual results of anti-Semitic feeling. It made him self-assertive and arrogant, and it did everything possible to prevent his achieving the career he desired—that of being a scientist and university professor.

One cannot help drawing the conclusion from reading his book that anti-Semitism in Poland was essentially a popular feeling and that the great mistake made by the government was its acquiescing to spontaneous manifestations of this deeply popular attitude. At least this seems to have been true of the Pilsudski government. The "National Democracy" was outspokenly anti-Semitic. Thus Infeld quotes a conversation overheard in a railway carriage: " 'Our government is too patient with Jews.' " He says of the Pilsudski government that it "had sometimes the courage to fight anti-Semitism and reactionary slogans." Here is an interesting paragraph of analysis of the problem:

> As I stated before, the government party was mildly anti-Semitic. This statement requires some explanation. The government party was not anti-Semitic in its feeling, if such a general phrase makes any sense at all. The party was, however, anti-Semitic in its official actions, trying, in its policy and economy, to distinguish between the interests of the Jewish and non-Jewish population. The Jewish problem had always existed in Poland. It was the problem of Polish towns overcrowded by Jews and of Polish commerce largely in the hands of Jews. The division of all human beings into two classes—Jews and non-Jews—was deeply rooted in the psychology of every Pole. Only a very thin layer of the radical Polish intelligentsia was free of this Jewish complex, and even they achieved it in a rather perverse way, by acclaiming the Jew as the salt of the earth and highly exaggerating his virtues. The attitude of these radicals showed a prejudice in the opposite direction and indicated that they too accepted the division, even though they drew opposite conclusions.

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But he confirms the deduction I have drawn from the letter quoted by Madame Pilsudska. He first of all attributes to Pilsudski's personality the holding together of "men with different social outlooks." He then tells us that after Pilsudski's death, with anti-Semitism spreading and becoming more intense, in university lectures "Pilsudski's daughter took her seat among the Jews." Yet one cannot help having the feeling that as anti-Semitism was a profoundly popular movement, and as the government did little to restrain it, and as many Poles looked with admiration to the anti-Semitic policy of nazi Germany, it was inevitable that its growth should terribly weaken Poland, if ever she was subjected to attack. The German armies were, of course, superior in every sense. Their matériel was better; their staff work was better; but at the same time one has the feeling that the Poles—heroic as they were, especially at Warsaw—did not acquit themselves quite as well as they might had their country not been torn by internal dissensions and their national life diseased by cancerous hatreds. If the Greeks have demonstrated nothing else, they have at least shown that national unity means a great deal in war. And the Poles seem a good demonstration of how disunity can weaken.

There is little doubt that Pilsudski was an honorable, intelligent man, inspired by a vision of something which he hoped would be great and just and true. He undoubtedly inspired millions of his compatriots, particularly those of the rank and file, with hope in the same vision. The tragedy is that the vision never came to pass; perhaps because of a strange perversity which seems for centuries to have made this fine and industrious people almost its own worst enemy.

HARRY LORIN BINSSE.

BIOGRAPHY

Toward Freedom: the Autobiography of Jawaharlal Nehru. Day. $4.00.

HOW EASY and fashionable it is to tell ourselves that England is fighting for the right of nations to be free of alien rule, fighting to free the world of the fear of totalitarian domination. Easy and fashionable, yet not entirely true; for just as Hitler took over Czechoslovakia and pushed her people into war as his ally without consulting them or their common good, so Churchill's England *vis à vis* India. She is a belligerent under the English standard in a war about which she is unconcerned; and her people support the thousands of democratic Indian leaders who bravely opposed English efforts to drag India into war and who are now in jail. They do not support the few wealthy Indians who poured money into the war chest and loudly proclaimed their loyalty to England. But it is more than mere lack of support; thousands of imperial troops are quartered throughout India to suppress anti-war activity and keep the people in line. As Nehru shows in prose that is neither oratorical nor violent, the practical results of British rule in India differ little, if at all, from the Hitlerian rule of Germany and the conquered nations, and the Indian people, no less than the Czechs, seek the expulsion of the foreign ruler.

In his autobiography, which is as fascinating as it is informative, Jawaharlal Nehru traces the development of his mind and opinions about the great figures of our times, the governments of the world, its beliefs, secular and religious. Opinions which though interesting are not for the most part original, even if they are expressed in beautiful prose. Nehru owes his world greatness and leadership in Indian affairs to an extraordinary force of will and body, his compassionate spirit, his modesty and urbanity, his readiness to undergo great sacrifices for his people, his generous mind and living faith in democracy. And his biography owes its greatness to the fact that it relates the great men and events to the multitudes who love, hate, toil, pray and beget; to the masses who are made to feel what Nehru regards as an imposed political government, and who are daily crushed in the economic winepress to sustain the wild extravagance and prodigality of their rulers, native and British.

Born in 1889 in Allahabad, India, the only son of an anglophile and athletically inclined lawyer, Jawaharlal's education was first entrusted to an English governess, and then to a resident tutor who instructed him in the mysteries of theosophy and the elements of modern science. At about the age of fifteen he was brought over to England, where he entered Harrow. There he was given a life of the Italian patriot Garibaldi, the reading of which awakened in him an Indian nationalism and set him dreaming of liberating India from her foreign yoke. Then Cambridge, where he took the science tripos and discussed Nietzsche and Shaw with his fellow students; and after taking his degree, he stayed on in London reading for the bar and visiting the hot spots, enjoying London's night life. He returned to India after two years of London and seven of England; was admitted to the High Court and married in 1916. But he was getting restless and losing interest in the practice of law, despite the excellent reputation he was gaining and the encouragement of older members of the Indian Bar. Advocacy he felt was antithetical to his temperament, and this feeling was strengthened by circumstances; the circumstances being the foul poverty of the industrial workers, whose numbers were swollen by the first World War, and whose unemployment widened by its end; the further oppression of the peasants at the hands of the huge landowners, usurers, petty officials, police and native priests; and the growing national feeling among all the people. Like most members of the Indian bourgeoisie, Nehru was a moderate nationalist, satisfied with home-rule, but he gradually drifted into extremism, seeing with a ruthless, detached logic that only then could India be in a position adequately to solve her social question. But his is not the narrow, stifling creed of fascist nationalism, springing from contempt of the people within and without one's borders, but a belief natural and organic, arising from a love of one's land, hills, rivers, people, and based upon a deep respect for the traditions and peoples of other lands. For him British imperialism is an instrumentality whereby the capitalists of the "City" of London exploit the people of India, defenseless, starved, debased. Believing that Gandhi was the man who could best lead India toward freedom, he associated himself with his movement, in which he was soon to be given a leading rôle; and he went about the countryside organizing and spreading Gandhi's doctrine of passive resistance, civil disobedience and non-cooperation with the government of India, for which he was imprisoned several times and has not been out of jail for more than a year since 1921 (with two exceptions).

The major part of the book treats of this phase of his life and it is so well done as to make the many problems of India, formerly remote from my life and feeling, take on the reality and vividness of our own American problems. The story of his valiant efforts on behalf of the people of India cannot fail to win the admiration, if not the assistance, of Americans. The book was orginally

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written in 1935, and a postscript brings it up to date. Despite the postscript, it still seems to me that Nehru hasn't fully faced the consequences of an English withdrawal from India, in a world dominated by Hitler, Stalin, Mussolini and Japan. Even he must admit that totalitarian aggression would speedily appear with the end of English rule; and it is hard to believe that such a change would be for the better, or wouldn't make much difference—at least so it seems to me.

Nehru can see no case for the continuance of England's rule of India either indirectly through Quislings or directly by Englishmen; and he believes that so long as England dominates the very life of India, the heart-rending poverty and degradation of the people will continue. Perhaps he over-simplifies the nature of India's problems and exaggerates the economic prosperity and social well being that would flow from an independent India; but few would deny that the dignity of a people, the sacredness and capacity of the person can best find expression and efflorescence only when the people are ruled by a democratic government whose action is bound by a democratic constitution to which the majority have assented. Still, it may be doubted that the Indian masses possess the political experiences, economic conditions, and cultural development necessary for the successful functioning of a democratic state. Democracy is not so much a form of government as it is a way of life flowing from the fundamental beliefs and practices of a people. Nehru disagrees with Gandhi, especially with reference to religion and the future Indian free state. Gandhi wishes to bottom it on religion and seeks the extension of homecraft economy; whereas Nehru, being a Marxist, looks forward to a socialist state and thinks religion hinders clear thinking on social problems. He doesn't believe in immortality, is uninterested in religion and finds it uncongenial to his character. In this connection it is interesting to observe that his English education, while it communicated the tenacious passion for liberty of the English, failed to impress a feeling for religion. Nehru loathes Hitler and Mussolini; admires General Chiang Kai-shek; likes the English people; sympathizes with the struggle of the English worker; and is saddened at the thought that India and England must part company. They have so much to give one another; if only their union was not based upon the domination and exploitation of the weaker partner. He reads the Papal encyclicals and knows something about Catholicism; but his knowledge is very scanty, as is seen, for example, when he says that the Church doesn't care for saints outside her communion. He doesn't know that she regards them as she does all who live up to their best lights, as belonging to the mystical body of Our Lord, even if they are beyond her jurisdiction. Jawaharlal Nehru towers above his errors.

JOSEPH CALDERON.

Ambassador Dodd's Diary. Edited by W. E. Dodd, Jr. and Martha Dodd. Harcourt. $3.50.

IN HIS PREFACE to this work, Charles A. Beard introduces the late William E. Dodd as President Roosevelt's choice for the post of Ambassador to Germany when Hitler was but newly come to power. Mr. Roosevelt, wary of sending a wealthy or ambitious man on this mission, decided upon a scholar whom he hoped would appeal to what remained of German culture, hence rallying the moderate elements not yet wedded to fascism. The diary covers the four years from 1933 to 1938,

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showing the inner workings of the ominous events to which we have been witness. Month by month, Ambassador Dodd watches Germany sink her claws more firmly into Europe while Germany itself solidifies into nazism. With each successive coup Hitler becomes more firmly entrenched, and one by one the leaders who were friendly to Dodd turn hostile and bristle with Goebbel's propaganda.

A German agreement with Japan is hinted darkly—the Hoare-Laval proposal allows fascist Italy to conquer Ethiopia, undermining the faith of the smaller states in the protection of the League of Nations—and finally there is the Spanish War in which Hitler participates openly. Thomas Wolfe reports the words of a friend: "All Europe is fascist; that keeps the peace." And this seems the most accurate key to the cast of characters who make their appearance in these pages. Bullitt, Henderson, Lothian, Knecht and a score of others are exposed in elaborate intrigues which advance the fascist cause.

At a time when international relations are so crucial, embassy life is dominated by a clique who are exploiting the foreign service to encompass their own ends. There is only mistrust between the ambassadors of the various countries, and the German leaders play one against the other in an unending round of lavish diplomatic affairs. Dodd remarks bitterly more than once that it would be far better if the vast sums squandered were used to pay war debts or rehabilitate the poor of these nations. After a particularly sumptuous dinner at the home of the German Foreign Minister, he writes in his diary: "I have always acted on the assumption that people gave such entertainments in order that they might learn something from one another; not this evening. I was delighted to return to our quiet home. I drank a glass of milk and ate a stewed peach before I retired."

All through there runs the stream of Jewish persecution—coming to the surface in hideous propaganda and tragic broken lives, flowing side by side with the destruction of the universities where truth is no longer allowed under the law. The Churches, on the other hand, play a consistently revolutionary rôle. There are many religious movements and pastors of all denominations deliver anti-fascist sermons to the unprecedented numbers who attend services. But over Germany as a whole rests the curious Norse twilight of the gods of Valhalla whose prophet is the national philosopher, Alfred Rosenberg. At first the audiences were disapproving when Hitler was indentified with Luther, but later at the Passion Play at Oberammergau when Judas sells the Christ for thirty pieces of silver, a woman in the audience was heard to murmur, "Es ist Roehm."

The Diary is a rarely honest and impersonal work. With the careful objectivity of the scholar, Mr. Dodd manages to focus attention wholly on external events. Even the personal details, although they add to the solidity of the narrative, give no sense of the man himself. The reader cannot help but admire such an impartial recording of the facts after the emotional discussions that have come out of Europe since the outbreak of the war. But this is not unmixed with a sense of disappointment, a feeling that here is but the raw material which should be animated by some sort of form. For there is neither a beginning properly speaking, nor an end, and though a certain crescendo, no climax.

The most sustained description in the book is of an evening shortly before his return to the United States,

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when for a moment the elderly man recaptures a fleeting glimpse of the Europe he had known at the University of Liepzig before the first World War. Here standing on the platform where he had heard so many distinguished professors lecture, he delivers an address in English on George Washington. Before him are the familiar figures of his college days, now grown old. "Here," he muses, "I first learned history in a critical manner."

The whole book is a quiet indictment of war, which Ambassador Dodd points out is no longer a rational solution to any problem since man's inventive genius has rendered it utterly destructive. Again and again with a historian's insight he stresses that economic nationalism has failed, that individualism must be subordinated to corporate advancement, that the present stems from the past and cannot be understood without it. The final entry in his Diary on September 20, 1938, reads:

> The logical outcome of vast war preparations is another war, and what would another war leave of modern civilization? There are curious misunderstandings. Great business and industrial groups failed to recognize the necessity of international cooperation after 1920. Some of their chiefs defeated world peace efforts at Geneva more than once because they thought the sale of arms and war materials more important than world peace. Other groups insisted in 1923 and 1930 on trade barriers which made debt payments impossible. So many influential men have failed to see that inventions, industrial revolution, and financial relations have brought mankind to a point where cooperation and peace are the first conditions of prosperity for the masses of men everywhere.

MARGARET STERN.

BRIEFERS

Union Policies and Industrial Management. S. H. Slichter. Brookings. $3.50.

A COMPREHENSIVE discussion of both the content and process of collective bargaining except as to wages. Of especial interest to those concerned in the understanding and employment of the methods evolved in industrial jurisprudence. Answers such questions as, how do unions attempt to control entrance to trades? Does the closed shop produce labor shortage? Under what conditions have unions encouraged management to introduce new machines? What is the outlook for union-management cooperation? Excellent, wise and authoritative.

A Literary History of The Italian People. J. S. Kennard. Macmillan. $5.00.

A SURVEY of the history of the Italian people from the eleventh century to the present; an attempt to describe how ancient Rome became Italy; a reconstruction of Italianity out of the various elements that constitute it; a literary history in which the time, place, the author and his book interpret one another and together interpret the Italian people. Unfortunately the book presents a melodramatic and not reliable treatment of this important and serious matter; the author opinionated and partisan; the book written with an air of conscious animosity toward the Church and with favor toward the fascist régime. Has practically nothing on the twentieth century; fails to mention Croce, Gentile, Varisco, Aliotta, Pareto, Mosca, Gemelli, De Sarlo, Sturzo—just to name a few who have greatly influenced twentieth century Italian life. His discussion of some of the authors, makes one wonder if he has read their works.

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The Inner Forum

THE March issue of *Catholic Missions* is a "Latin American Feature Number." It contains very informative statistics about South America. From Cape Gallinas in the north to Cape Horn in the south is four thousand miles, while Cape Blanco in the east to Cape Branco in the west is thirty-five hundred miles. The area of 8,500,000 square miles supports a population of 90,000,000. "That this great continent is Catholic is due to the fact that the Church's missioners followed in the wake of the Spanish and Portuguese navigators, discoverers and conquistadores. It was in this new world that Franciscans made their greatest missionary conquest. Fra Juan Perez of Rabida and his convent encouraged Columbus on his first voyage of discovery. Fra Pedro de Arenas accompanied him on his first voyage. As early as 1595 the Franciscan order opened a province in Haiti from which their missioners went to all parts of Central and South America."

By 1680 there were 4,842 friars working in the missions from Florida and New Mexico to Chile and the River Plate. They conducted 34 "apostolic colleges," one of which sent out Father Junipera Serra who founded the old Spanish missions of California. In Chile and Peru the Dominicans established nine provinces and they numbered among their members such men as Las Casas, the noble defender of the Indians, and Saint Louis Bertrand. Jesuit missions began in Brazil in 1597, and the first mission group to that country is credited with producing the first dramatic performance in the new world as a means of reforming the morals of the Indians. Jesuit missions to Peru had begun 30 years before, while by 1677, 50,000 Indians had been organized in the famous Paraguay reductions. Between 1610 and 1670 many Jesuits died as martyrs among the Indians and 700,000 Guaranti Indians were baptised.

One of the most famous missionaries to South America was Saint Peter Claver, who in the year 1610 began to meet the slave ships arriving at Cartagena in what is now Colombia. He was so loving and heroic in ministering to the unfortunate victims of the brutal slave trade that 300,000 of them received Baptism at his hands. Saint John Bosco, several centuries later, had a dream about the Indians of the Cordilleras and in the beginning of the twentieth century the Salesians undertook missions in Patagonia, Ecuador, Brazil, the Matto Grosso and the central Pampas. "The Republics of Central and South America have a combined population of some 101,500,000 —or [including Mexico's 19,500,000] a total Catholic population in Latin America of around 121,000,000."

CONTRIBUTORS

William M. AGAR, on the faculty of geology at Columbia University, has recently been devoting much of his time to aid for Britain. He is to publish a new book shortly, "Catholicism and the Philosophy of Natural Science." He is a COMMONWEAL Contributing Editor.

Rev. Edwin RYAN, D.D., is a member of the faculty of the Catholic University in Washington where he is professor of South American Church History and executive secretary of the Institute of Ibero-American Studies.

T. D. LYONS is now practicing law in Oklahoma; he has been a judge and spent his younger days in the Dakota Territory.

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